FREE SOCIETY

A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK AND LITERATURE.

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The Pharisee.

Hark! that heavy, pompous tread,
Tells of one well-clothed and fed:
Here comes one whose cold heart ne'er
To his eye has forced the tear.
Hungry children round him weep;
"Feed my sheep! feed, feed my sheep!"
But he counts his rich gains o'er,
Schemes to swell the ample store,
And grinds the faces of God's poor;
Lives respected, and will die
In the odor of sanctity

—F. T. R.

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The Making of an Anarchist.

"Here was one guard, and here was the other at this end; I was here opposite the gate. You know those problems in geometry of the hare and the hounds—they never run straight, but always in a curve so, see? And the guard was no smarter than the dogs; if he had run straight to the gate he would have caught me."

It was Peter Kropotkin telling of his escape from the Petro-Pavloffsky fortress. Three crumbs on the table marked the relative position of the outwitted guards and the fugitive prisoner; the speaker had broken them from the bread on which he was lunching and dropped them on the table with an amused smile. The suggested triangle had been the starting-point of the life-long exile of the greatest man, save Tolstoy alone, that Russia has produced; from that moment began the many foreign wanderings and the taking of the simple, love-given title "Comrade," for which he had abandoned the "Prince," which he despises.

We were three together in the plain little home of a London workingman—Will Wess, a one-time shoemaker, Kropotkin, and I. We had our "tea," in homely English fashion, with thin slices of buttered bread; and we talked of things nearest our hearts, which, wherever two or three Anarchists are gathered together, means present evidences of the growth of liberty and what our comrades are doing in all lands. And as what they do and say often leads them into prisons, the talk had naturally fallen upon Kropotkin's experience and his daring escape, for which the Russian government is chagrined unto this day.

Presently the old man glanced at the time, and jumped briskly to his feet: "I am late. Good-by, Voltairine; good-by, Will. Is this the the way to the kitchen? I must say good-by to Mrs. Turner and Lizzie." And out to the kitchen he went, unwilling, late tho it was, to leave without a hand-clasp to those who had so much as washed a dish for him. Such is Kropotkin, a man whose personality is felt more than any other in the Anarchist movement—at once the gentlest, the most kindly and the most invincible of men. Communist as well as Anarchist, his very heart-beats are rhythmic with the great common pulse of work and life.

Communist am not I, tho my father was, and his father before him during the stirring times of '48, which is probably the remote reason for my opposition to things as they are; at bottom convictions are usually temperamental. And if I sought to explain myself on other grounds, I should be a bewildering error in logic; for by early influences and education I should have been a nun, and spent my life glorifying Authority in its most concentrated form, as some of my schoolmates are doing at this hour within the mission houses of the Order of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary. But the old ancestral spirit of rebellion asserted itself while I was yet fourteen, a schoolgirl at the Convent of Our Lady of Lake Huron, at Sarnia, Ontario. How I pity myself now, when I remember it, poor lonesome little soul, battling solitary in the murk of religious superstition, unable to believe and yet in hourly fear of damnation, hot, savage and eternal, if I did not instantly confess and profess! How well I recall the bitter energy with which I repelled my teachers's enjoinder, when I told her that I did not wish to apologize for an adjudged fault as I could not see that I had been wrong, and would not *feel* my words. "It is not necessary," said she, "that we should feel what we say, but it is always necessary that we obey our superiors." "I will not lie," I answered hotly, and at the same time trembled lest my disobedience had finally consigned me to Torment!

I struggled my way out at last, and was a freethinker when I left the institution, three years later, tho I had never seen a book or heard a word to help me in my loneliness. It had been to me like the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and there are white scars on my soul yet, where Ignorance and Superstition burnt me with their hell-fire in those stifling days. Am I blasphemous? It is their word, not mine. Beside that battle of my young days all others have been easy, for, whatever was without, *within* my own Will was supreme. It has owed no allegiance, and never shall; it has moved steadily in one direction, the knowledge and the assertion of its liberty, with all the responsibility falling thereon.

This, I am sure, is the ultimate reason for my acceptance of Anarchism, tho the specific occasion which ripened tendencies to definition was the affair of 1886-87, when five innocent men were hanged in Chicago for the act of one guilty who still remains unknown. Till then I believed in the essential justice of the American law and trial by jury. After that I never could. The infamy of that trial has passed into history, and the question it awakened as to the possibility of justice under law has passed into clamorous crying across the world. With this question fighting for a hearing at a time when, young and ardent, all questions were pressing with a force which later life would in vain feel again, I chanced to attend a Paine memorial convention in an out-of-the way corner of the earth among the mountains and snowdrifts of Pennsylvania. I was a freethought lecturer at this time, and had spoken in the afternoon on the life-work of Paine; in the evening I sat in the audience to hear Clarence Darrow deliver an address on Socialism. It was my first introduction to any plan for bettering the condition of the working classes which furnished some explanation of the course of economic development, and I ran to it as one who has been turning about in darkness runs to the light. I smile now at the recollection of how quickly I adopted the label "Socialist" and how quickly I cast it aside. Let no one follow my example; but I was young. Six weeks later I was punished for my rashness, when I attempted to argue for my new faith with a little Russian Jew, named Mozersky, at a debating club in Pittsburg. He was an Anarchist, and a bit of a Socrates. He questioned me into all kinds of holes, from which I extricated myself most awkwardly, only to flounder into others he had smilingly dug while I was getting out of the first ones. The necessity of a better foundation became apparent: hence began a course of study in the principles of sociology and of modern Socialism and Anarchism as presented in their regular journals. It was Benj. R. Tucker's *Liberty*, the exponent of Individualist-Anarchism, which finally convinced me that "Liberty is not the Daughter but the Mother of Order." And tho I no longer hold to the particular economic gospel advocated by Tucker, the doctrine of Anarchism itself, as then conceived, has but broadened, deepened and intensified itself with years.

To those unfamiliar with the movement, the various terms are confusing. Anarchism

is, in truth, a sort of Protestantism, whose adherents are a unit in the great essential belief that all forms of external authority must disappear, to be replaced by self-control only, but variously divided in our conceptions of the form of future society. Individualism supposes private property to be the corner-stone of personal freedom; asserts that such property should consist in the absolute possession of one's own product and of such share of the natural heritage of all as one may actually use. Communist Anarchism, on the other hand, declares that such property is both unrealizable and undesirable; that the common possession and use of all the natural sources and means of social production can alone guarantee the individual against a recurrence of inequality, and its attendants, government and slavery. My personal conviction is that both forms of society, as well as many intermediations, would, in the absence of government, be tried in various localities, according to the instincts and material conditions of the people, but that well founded objections may be offered to both. Liberty and experiment alone can determine the best forms of society. Therefore I no longer label myself otherwise than "Anarchist" simply.

I would not, however, have the world think that I am an "Anarchist by trade." Outsiders have some very curious notions about us, one of them being that Anarchists never work. On the contrary, Anarchists are nearly always poor, and it is only the rich who live without work. Not only this, but it is our belief that every healthy human being will, by the laws of his own activity, choose to work, tho certainly not as now, for at present there is little opportunity for one to find his true vocation. Thus I, who in freedom would have selected otherwise, am a teacher of language. Some twelve years since, being in Philadelphia and without employment, I accepted the proposition of a small group of Russian Jewish factory workers to form an evening class in the common English branches. I know well enough that behind the desire to help me toward making a living lay the wish that thus I might take part in the propaganda of our common cause. But the incidental became once more the principal, and a teacher of working men and women I have remained from that day. In those twelve years that I have lived and loved and worked with foreign Jews I have taught over a thousand, and found them, as a rule, the brightest, the most persistent and the most sacrificing of students, and in youth dreamers of social ideals. While the "intelligent American" has been cursing him as the "ignorant foreigner," while the short-sighted workingman has been making life for the "sheeny" as intolerable as possible, silent and patient the despised man has worked his way against it all. I have myself seen such genuine heroism in the cause of education practised by girls and boys, and even married men and women with families, as would pass the limits of belief to the ordinary mind. Cold, starvation, self-isolation, all endured for years in order to obtain the means of study; and, worse than all, exhaustion of body even to emaciation—this is common. Yet in the midst of all this, so fervent is the social imagination of the young, that most of them find time besides to visit the various clubs and societies where radical thought is discussed, and sooner or later ally themselves either with the Socialist Sections, the Liberal Leagues, the Single Tax Clubs, or the Anarchist Groups. The greatest Socialist daily is the Jewish *Vorwärts*, and the most active and competent practical workers are Jews. So they are among Anarchists.

I am no propagandist at all costs, or I would leave the story here; but truth compels me to add that as the years pass and the gradual filtration and absorption of American commercial life goes on, my students become successful professionals, the golden mist of enthusiasm vanishes, and the old teacher must turn for comradeship to the new youth, who still press forward with burning eyes, seeing what is lost forever to those whom common success has satisfied and stupefied. It brings tears sometimes, but as Kropotkin says, "Let them go; we have had the best of them." After all, who are the really old? Those who wear out in faith and energy, and take to easy chairs and soft living; not Kropotkin, with his sixty years upon him, who has bright eyes and the eager interest of a little child; not fiery John Most, "the old warhorse of the revolution," unbroken after his ten years of prison in Europe and America; not gray-haired Louise Michel, with the aurora of the morning still shining in the keen look which peers from behind the barred memories of New Caledonia; not Dyer D. Lum, who still smiles in his grave, I think; nor Tucker, nor Turner, nor Theresa Clairamunt, nor Jean Grave—not these. I have met them all, and felt the springing life pulsating thru heart and hand, joyous, ardent, leaping into action. Not such are the old,—but your young heart that goes bankrupt in social hope, dry-rotting in this stale and purposeless society. Would you be always young? Then be an Anarchist, and live with the faith of youth, tho you be old.

I doubt if any other hope has power to keep the fire alight as I saw it in 1897, when we met the Spanish exiles released from the fortress of Montjuich. Comparatively few persons in America ever knew the story of that torture, tho we distributed fifty thousand copies of the letters smuggled from the prison, and some few newspapers did reprint them. They were the letters of men incarcerated on mere suspicion for the crime of an unknown person, and subjected to tortures the bare mention of which makes one shudder. Their nails were torn out, their heads compressed in metal caps, the most sensitive portions of the body twisted between guitar strings, their flesh burned with red-hot irons; they had been fed on salt codfish after days of starvation and refused water; Juan Ollé, a boy nineteen years old, had gone mad; another had confessed to something he had never done and knew nothing of. This is no horrible imagination. I who write have myself shaken some of those scarred hands. Indiscriminately, four hundred people of all sorts of beliefs,—republicans, trade unionists, Socialists, Free Masons, as well as Anarchists,—had been cast into dungeons and tortured in the infamous "zero." Is it a wonder that most of them came out Anarchists? There were twenty-eight in the first lot we met at Euston Station that August afternoon,—homeless wanderers in the whirlpool of London, released without trial after months of imprisonment and ordered to leave Spain in forty-eight hours! They had left it, singing their prison songs; and still across their dark and sorrowful eyes one could see the eternal Maytime bloom. They drifted away to South America chiefly, where four or five new Anarchist papers have since arisen, and several colonizing experiments along Anarchist lines are being tried. So tyranny defeats itself and the exile becomes the seed-sower of the revolution.

And not only to the heretofore unaroused does he bring awakening, but the entire character of the world-movement is modified by this cirulation of the comrades of all nations among themselves. Originally the American movement, the native creation which arose with Josiah Warren in 1829, was purely Individualistic; the student of economy will easily understand the material and historical causes for such development. But within the last twenty years the Communistic idea has made great progress, owing primarily to that concentration in capitalistic production which has driven the American workingmen to grasp at the idea of solidarity, and secondly, to the expulsion of active Communist propagandists from Europe. Again, another change has come within the last ten years. Till then the application of the idea was chiefly narrowed to industrial matters, and the economic schools mutually denounced each other; today a large and genial tolerance is growing. The young generation recognizes the immense sweep of the idea thru all the realms of art, science, literature, education, sex relations and personal morality, as well as social economy, and welcomes every accession to the ranks of those who struggle to realize the free life, no matter in what field. For this is what Anarchism finally means, the whole unchaining of life after two thousand years of Christian asceticism and hypocricy.

Apart from the question of ideals, there is the question of method. "How do you propose to get all this?" is the question most frequently asked us. The same modification has taken place here. Formerly there were "Quakers" and "Revolutionists"; so there are still. But while *then* neither thought well of the other, *now* both have learned that each has his own use in the great play of world forces. No man is in himself a unit, and in every soul Jove still makes war on Christ. Nevertheless, the spirit of peace grows; and while it would be idle to say that Anarchists in general believe that any of the great industrial problems will be solved without the use of force, it would be equally idle to suppose they consider force itself a desirable thing, or that it furnishes a final solution to any problem. From peaceful experiment alone can come final solution, and that the advocates of force know and believe as well as the Tolstoyans. Only they think that present tyrannies provoke resistance. The spread of Tolstoy's "War and Peace" and the "The Slavery of Our Times," and the growth of numerous Tolstoy clubs having for their purpose the dissemination of the literature of non-resistance, is an evi-

dence that many receive the idea that it is easier to conquer war with peace. I am one of these. I can see no end to retaliation unless someone ceases to retaliate. But let no one mistake this for servile submission or meek abnegation; my right shall be asserted no matter at what cost to me, and none shall trench upon it without my protest.

Good-natured satirists often remark that "the best way to cure an Anarchist is to give him a fortune." Substituting "corrupt" for "cure," I would subscribe to this; and believing myself to be no better than the rest of mortals, I earnestly hope that as so far it has been my lot to work, and work hard, and for no fortune, so I may continue to the end; for let me keep the integrity of my soul, with all the limitations of my material conditions, rather than become the spineless and ideal-less creation of material ease. My reward is that I live with the young; I keep step with my comrades; I shall die in the harness with my face to the east—the East and the Light.—Voltairine de Cleyre, in the *Independent*, New York.

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Man and Environment.

The statement—frequently repeated—that man is the product of his evironment, is a very calming idea for the majority of men, that is, indolent thinkers. The proposition contains an excuse, which can be conveniently applied when one is in need of justifying his conduct. Ask the skinner of toiling humanity, whose whole ambition is to cut as big and as many strips from his fellow men as possible, why he does so, and he will shrug his shoulders and blame conditions for his conduct. With the same gesture the irreligious preacher will reply to the interrogator of his hypocrisy: "My God, people need my tirades; whether I preach to them or somebody else matters really very little in the end. Conditions compel us to do it!"

The scab also blames conditions when he has been willing to be used against his struggling fellow workers, with whom he should be allied mentally and physically. The well known advantages, his social position, as well as his inclinations should train him to act conjointly with and cling inviolably to his fellow workingmen. And yet, if he points to the force of circumstances, he is as much justified in doing so as the exploiter or hypocritical preacher, for the burdens of life are not so heavy on these as on him. A few days out of employment, and his wife and children are in want. If a trifling amount of money necessary to pay the rent is wanting, he is troubled in regard to his family, which in his tormented imagination he sees already ousted from the house; and he is thus brought to despair.

But in spite of all this, intelligent and well-meaning people have no use for men who in this manner crawlingly submit to the force of conditions. And they are right. A line of conduct which one condemns in his heart, dictated only by the force of environment, is irrevocably tainted with wretchedness and filth; and scabbing is a mean act, no matter what necessitating circumstances may be brought forth to justify or extenuate it.

There is certainly a strong feeling in the conscious man which stands above conditions,—aims which point far ahead of the degrading and crippling environment.

It would be sad indeed for eternal blossoming humanity if it were otherwise. In all ages there have been men and ideas which stood far above existing conditions, and that these did not willingly submit to them, the eternal struggles between the moribund old and the new,—that which is to be and is taking shape, plainly shows. A servile submission to that which exists, signifies stagnation and degeneration. This clinging to existing conditions of the workaday world certainly tends to make man a mere machine, regulated by the powers that be. But to struggle against it with all his power as an apprehensible man, for whom "so far and no farther" does not exist, is what distinguishes the vivacious man from the indolent Philistine.—Chicago *Arbeiter Zeitung*.

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An Ode.

On the President's Last Escape From Assassination, October 1, A. D. 1903.

By C. L. James; Candidate for Court Poet,

And Descendant of the Author of "The House Which Jack Built."

This is the Swede with the Flying Machine,
By whom Mr. Roosevelt came near being seen;
If a scarer like that should have happened to Ted
There's no doubt that the fright would have made him fall dead.

This is the hero of San Juan hill,
Who is pining away for more lions to kill:
Yet a glimpse of the Swede with the Flying Machine,
By whom Mr. Roosevelt came near being seen—
If a scarer like that had happened to Ted
There's no doubt that the fright would have made him fall dead.

This is the Spaniard, who fled, as "they say,"
When Ted, with his terrors, came running that way,
From sight of the hero of San Juan hill,
Who is pining away for more lions to kill;
Yet a glimpse of the Swede with the Flying Machine,
By whom Mr. Roosevelt came near being seen—
If a scarer like that should have happened to Ted
There's no doubt that the fright would have made him fall dead.

This is "They Say," whom the Father of Lies
Should send to the baby-show soon for a prize;
He invented the Spaniard, who fled, as "they say,"
When Ted, with his terrors, came running that way,
From sight of the hero of San Juan hill,
Who is pining away for more lions to kill:
Yet a glimpse of the Swede with the Flying Machine,
By whom Mr. Roosevelt came near being seen,—
If a scarer like that should have happened to Ted
There's no doubt that the fright would have made him fall dead.

This is the pistol Ted carries, altho
'Tis forbidden by law, as we very well know.
'Twas seen by "They Say," whom the Father of Lies
Should send to the baby-show soon for a prize;
He invented the Spaniard, who fled, as "they say,"
When Ted, with his terrors, came running that way,
From sight of the hero of San Juan hill,
Who is pining away for more lions to kill:
Yet a glimpse of the Swede with the Flying Machine,
By whom Mr. Roosevelt came near being seen—
If a scarer like that should have happened to Ted
There's no doubt that the fright would have made him fall dead.

This is the coat which used to conceal
The pistol, a thing unfit to reveal;
Videlicet, the pistol Ted carries; altho
'Tis forbidden by law, as we very well know,
'Twas seen by "They Say," whom the Father of Lies
Should send to the baby-show soon for a prize;
He invented the Spaniard, who fled, as "they say,"
When Ted, with his terrors, came running that way,
From sight of the hero of San Juan hill,
Who is pining away for more lions to kill;
Yet a glimpse of the Swede with the Flying Machine,
By whom Mr. Roosevelt came near being seen—
If a scarer like that should have happened to Ted
There's no doubt that the fright would have made him fall dead.

This is the wind which once "lifted the veil,"
When it picked up the president's coat by the tail,
Videlicet, the coat which used to conceal
The pistol, a thing unfit to reveal;
Videlicet, the pistol Ted carries; altho
'Tis forbidden by law, as we very well know,
'Twas seen by "They Say," whom the Father of Lies
Should send to the baby-show soon for a prize;
He invented the Spaniard, who fled, as "they say,"
When Ted, with his terrors, came running that way,
From sight of the hero of San Juan hill,
Who is pining away for more lions to kill;
Yet a glimpse of the Swede with the Flying Machine,
By whom Mr. Roosevelt came near being seen—
If a scarer like that should have happened to Ted,
There's no doubt that the fright would have made him fall dead.

These are the peelers, who walk out with Ted,
To see that no small boy throws shells at his head,
In the wind which, it happened, once "lifted the veil,"
When it picked up the president's coat by the tail,
Videlicet, the coat which used to conceal
The pistol, a thing unfit to reveal;
Videlicet, the pistol Ted carries; altho
'Tis forbidden by law, as we very well know,
'Twas seen by "They say," whom the Father of Lies
Should send to the baby-show soon for a prize;
He invented the Spaniard, who fled, as "they say,"
When Ted, with his terrors, came running that way,
From sight of the hero of San Juan hill,
Who is pining away for more lions to kill,
Yet a glimpse of the Swede with the Flying Machine
By whom Mr. Roosevelt came near being seen—
If a scarer like that should have happened to Ted
There's no doubt that the fright would have made him fall dead.

And this is *where* Hickory Jackson's old cane
Made all the attempts to frighten him vain!
He'd have kicked off those peelers who walk out with Ted
To see that no small boy throws shells at his head,
wind which, it happened, once "lifted the veil,"
When it picked up *our* president's coat by the tail,
Videlicet, the coat which used to conceal
The pistol, a thing unfit to reveal;
Videlicet, the pistol Ted carries; altho
'Tis forbidden by law, as we very well know,
'Twas seen by "They Say," whom the Father of Lies
Should send to the baby-show soon for a prize:
He invented the Spaniard, who fled, as "they say,"
When Ted, with his terrors, came running that way,
From sight of the hero of San Juan hill,
Who is pining away for more lions to kill;
Yet one glimpse of the crank with the Flying Machine,
By whom Mr. Roosevelt came near being seen—
If a scarer like that should have happened to Ted
There's no doubt that the fright would have made him fall dead.

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"The Life of Albert R. Parsons."

In answer to the many inquiries as to when the "Life of A. R. Parsons" will be ready, I will state that I am now rewriting and compiling the book, and will have it ready for delivery by December. This second edition will contain much more of Mr. Parsons' own writings—editorials from the *Alarm* showing his position on the labor question and the reoccuring events of the struggle of labor with capital, etc., than the former edition. It will be a book of about three hundred pages, beautifully illustrated, and nicely bound in cloth and gilt. Comrades who are intending to order the work, will please send in their subscriptions as soon as possible. It will require a large sum of cash to get the book out; the price has been put so cheap that any one can purchase it.

Price $1, and 10c. for postage. Address: Lucy E. Parsons, 1777 N. Troy St., Chicago, Illinois.

FREE SOCIETY

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ANARCHY—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1903.

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If these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your FREE SOCIETY, your subscription expires with this number.

The Linotype Project.

Altho it will be some time yet before the comrades generally have been heard from on this subject, the past week gives the encouragement that it will soon be possible to install a linotype in the FREE SOCIETY office.

Comrade Pyburn, besides the sum pledged as a donation, offers $50 more as a loan if enough can be raised to pay for the linotype at once. This would prevent the necessity of keeping the whole matter (at least until the indebtedness should be paid off) in the "clutches of a commercial concern—which is in reality a *money-lending* concern," as the comrade expresses it. "Of course the loans of comrades and friends would be (understood as) free of any interest, which the loan of the commercial concern would not be, you may be assured," to quote further. The comrade is entirely correct; if the linotype should be purchased on the installment plan, it would necessitate giving notes at 6 per cent interest. If the entire sum should be raised among friends, it would not only save the interest; but also, by arranging for these loans to run a year, after which they would be subject to call on (say) 60 days' notice, make the payments easier, and enable us to more quickly devote the whole capacity of the machine to propaganda work, in publishing books and pamphlets.

We will be glad to answer all inquiries in this column; comrades and friends are also invited to make suggestions.

Report up to Monday, Oct. 12:

PLEDGES.

Previously reported.....	$ 45.00
Dr. H. Goebel, Chicago.....	5.00
E. Lehmann, Peoria, Ill.....	5.00
Dr. G. Pyburn, Sacramento, Cal..	20.00
Dr. M. Sahud, Chicago.....	5.00
Friend, Philadelphia.....	5.00
Total,	$ 85.00

PAID CASH.

Dr. M. A. Cohn, Brooklyn.....	$ 25.00
H. Kuehn, Pittsburg.....	10.00
H. A. Blum, New York.....	15.00
M. Jensen, Chicago.....	5.00
Total,	$ 55.00

Parry and Thrust.

Liberty is life.

* * *

Authority is "graft."

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Experience needs a memory.

* * *

Work should not be drudgery.

* * *

Reputation does not constitute manhood.

* * *

Society is based on fraternity, not enmity.

* * *

Fear has kept many a biped from becoming a man.

* * *

The presence of soldiery does not suffice to fill hungry mouths.

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The "grafting" officials of Chicago are investigating "grafting."

* * *

Slavery is prolific of disguises, some of these deceiving the very elect.

* * *

Dowie has gone to New York to exchange Jesus for "thirty pieces of silver."

* * *

Many advocates of freedom are afraid of free love because of its element of freedom.

* * *

Men will be glad to work when amidst their labors they can rejoice in possessing the good things of life.

* * *

There is nothing in the nature of liberty which justifies the fears of those who do not fear the terrible effects of slavery.

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It is stated that Elliott, the man who called at the White House desiring to see Roosevelt, is insane. Was his curiosity taken as proof of insanity?

* * *

Goldwin Smith declares that the president of the United States is in part responsible for the violence which is so popular now. The "strenuous life" leads to evil deeds.

* * *

The moralistic scandal-mongers in radical circles do more harm than they ever allege that varietists accomplish; and if they would stop to take breath they might realize it.

* * *

Louis F. Post, of the *Public*, persists in using the term Anarchist in an opprobrious sense. If the term Single Taxer had been persistently used as an equivalent of the term grafter, would Mr. Post often so use it?

* * *

Anarchism is not a "system" of living, but represents a liberation from "systems"; nor do Anarchists propose to turn loose a horde of wild beasts who will immediately fly at each other's throats. Anarchism teaches that freedom is the basis of wisdom.

* * *

Sexual freedom is a part of the great whole of freedom, and it can no more be excluded from the propaganda of liberty than addition can be excluded from arithmetic. Men and women who would block the wheels of liberty in the name of one form of oppression, are at best but pitiful weaklings.

* * *

The Zionist movement is attracting a great deal of interest, as any movement looking to better condition for the Jews should; but where is the movement in favor of the oppressed in all lands; the landless, moneyless toilers? Nowhere. The small cause flourishes while the great cause languishes.

* * *

The war talk that is heard on all hands is merely symptomatic of a disease, with the virus of which the State inoculates the people when they grow restless and threaten to dethrone their masters. Now it is Russia, now it is the United States, and then it is England, that prepares the septic; an appeal to patriotism against "the enemy." Sometime the trick will be tried for the last time; it will fail—and then! Then freedom's red dawn will show on the social horizon.

* * *

The Independent, in publishing Voltairine de Cleyre's article (reproduced in FREE SOCIETY) makes editorial comment; saying that the author's "frankness" in her "confession," frankness in regard to what Anarchism means as applied in the fields of sex action and general morality, makes it plain that she holds "detestable" opinions. *Independent*, indeed! Slave, rather, this journal is; and slave it should be called; mouthing all the old dogmas behind its mask of independence!

* * *

The police of Chicago are accusing each other right and left now that their rottenness is being stirred up by the mayor; who wishes to do a little cleaning, a very little, for advertising purposes. "Grafter, thief, liar," is heard on every hand as the disgruntled guardians of "public morals" tell the truth about each other. A central station detective even goes so far as to accuse the high and mighty chief of police of protecting a diamond thief. How "justice" stinks when we know her servants!

* * *

If men would pause now and then in their cultivation of prejudice against Anarchism and ask themselves what are the conditions most favorable to personal development, physical, intellectual, and emotional, and then try to answer the question, they might answer, if reluctantly, "Those conditions in which the individual could have enough for his needs without either drudging or stealing; and in which, in consequence, he might be free to experiment, and discover himself." Well, this is just what Anarchism aims to bring about.

AMERICUS.

—o—

For NEW YORK.

John Turner will lecture in Murray Hill Lyceum, 160 E. Fourth St., near Third Ave., Friday, Oct. 23, 8 p. m. Subject, "Trade Unionism and the General Strike." Admission 10 cents.

The Essence of Government.

Government, tho chiefly representing a certain class and defending its interests against the rest of society, is in reality the enemy of all classes and of evolution. Government is constantly taking pains to uphold prevailing institutions and opposes all innovations until developments force it to accept the inevitable.

If one analyses the essence of government, it is at once found that the State, in order to retain existing conditions, resorts to the most unjust means, on which, in virtue of its power, it puts the stamp of righteousness. Are not many, nay, almost all laws bent directly against everything which according to human conceptions should generally be considered as proper and equitable? Who will deny anyone the right to take bread when he is hungry and has nothing to eat? But the State stamps such a deed as a crime and punishes it—only to protect the ruling classes in their possessions. Even the laws relative to morality are in the end only aiming to uphold private property, as for instance, the law of marriage, etc. The essence of government consequently consists exclusively in protecting the present order of things—the institution of private property.

For this reason it is absolutely vain to expect the government to make a change in the present economic conditions. The government concedes such changes only after public opinion has demanded the alterations long before. One who sees in government the savior of society, as is the case today in regard to the trusts, will be bitterly disappointed.

Renowned scientists and investigators have already in a similar manner criticized government. From the numerous criticisms I will quote only the following.

Thomas Henry Buckle declares: "No great political improvement, no great reform, either legislative or executive, has ever been originated in any country by its rulers. The first suggestors of such steps have invariably been bold and able thinkers, who discern the abuse, denounce it, and point out how it is to be remedied. But long after this is done, even the most enlightened governments continue the abuse, and reject the remedy. At length, if circumstances are favorable, the pressure from without becomes so strong, that the government is obliged to give way; and, the reform being accomplished, the people are expected to admire the wisdom of their rulers, by whom all this has been done. . . . Besides this, there is another circumstance worthy the attention of those writers who ascribe a large part of European civilization to measures originated by European governments. This is, that every great reform which has been effected, has consisted, not in doing something new, but in undoing something old. The most valuable additions made to legislation have been enactments destructive of preceding legislation; and the best laws which have been passed, have been those by which some former laws were repealed."

Says Ludwig Börne: "Had nature as many laws as the State, even God himself could not rule it."

And August Bebel: "Class antagonism was created by government; the abolition of class antagonism will dissolve government."

Frederick Engels, in the introduction to "Civil war in France": "In reality government is nothing but a machine of one class for the oppression of another, in a democratic republic certainly no less than in a monarchy, and is at its best an evil, which in the struggle for class rule will be inherited by the victorious proletarians, and the worst side of which the workers will be no more able to remove than was the Paris Commune; consequently its power must be clipped as much as possible, until a rising generation will be able to throw off all government rubbish."

Nietzsche thus characterizes government: "But the State is lying in all tongues, in good and in bad; and no matter what it says, it is lying—and what it possesses, was stolen. Everything in it is a falsehood; with stolen teeth it bites, this biter. Even its bowels are false."

Heinrich Heine: "Laws are not freedom in themselves, but its limitations."

Max Stirner: "As the proletarian has nothing to loose, his 'nothing' is not in need of government protection. On the contrary he can only gain when State protection is taken away from the favored."

And August Spies: "One who believes at all in the possibility that economic slavery and economic murder can be abolished by legislative decrees will always be disappointed, for he attributes to government a mission which it never possessed and never will possess. Our apostles of peace should reflect that the mission of governments is to support prevailing institutions. . . . They cannot wish a transformation of existing things, for only by that which prevails do they assert and vindicate their existence. If our friends, like John Swinton, perceived this truth, many disappointments would be spared their followers. Such disappointments have always a derogatory effect, as they are discouraging, and cripple the energy of the proletarians who aspire to emancipation."—*Der Herold*, Detroit.

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For Chicago.

A grand concert and ball to be given by the choral section of Women's Sick Benefit and Aid Society "Fortschritt," will take place October 18, 3 p.m., at the Social Turnhall, Belmont Ave. and Paulina St. The society is composed of liberal-minded women, whose purpose, above all, is to promote liberal thought and mutual aid among their own sex; and all husbands whose wives are still in the clutches of the Church should not fail to take their spouses to the ball, where the prevailing sisterly spirit will greatly aid them in removing their prejudices against free thought. And as this society is never appealed to in vain by our radical press for assistance, our readers and comrades should not miss this opportunity to express their appreciation by patronizing its concert.

Tickets purchased in advance 25 cents, at the door 35 cents a person.

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The Workingmen's Educational Club will meet every Saturday evening, 8 p.m. sharp, in Pordgess Hall, cor. Maxwell & Jefferson.

Voice from St. Louis.

Seeing in the last issue of FREE SOCIETY that a comrade wishes to hear from me anent the Anarchist conference, I will express my opinion. St. Louis, in a fainting spell for the last two years, is about to awake. Comrades of all nationalities have of late drifted to this town; and some have found work at the World's Fair grounds. This, however, is not said in order to encourage others to come here to seek their fortune; for, altho business is pretty fair, it is not what it ought to be, and plenty of willing hands are idle.

Our meetings in private are of a rather international character; it is indeed pleasing to see English, American, French, Italian, Spanish, Russian, Bohemian, Rumanian, and German comrades sitting at a large table and speaking in ever so many languages. Altho still few in number, they have now decided to form a club and establish a reading room. If we are thus once on a solid basis, we intend to consider an information bureau for the convenience of all liberals and radicals who will visit St. Louis. An Anarchist conference during the World's Fair shall also be taken into consideration.

In spite of the many objections which have been raised against the last international conference during the Paris Exposition, I see no reason why comrades visiting the fair should not meet on a certain day, get acquainted, exchange ideas, relate experiences from the past, and give hints for the future. Such a meeting, as Abe Isaak Jr. has said, does not need to consist of "delegates" armed with "resolutions," and bent on parliamentary lawmaking. If some cannot see an advantage in such a meeting, they will surely admit that it can do no harm. It will undoubtedly be of great benefit and satisfaction for those present, instigating them to greater activity and renewed solidarity, or as a poet described it:

> "When a deed is done for freedom,
> Thru the broad earth's aching breast,
> Runs a thrill of joy prophetic,
> Traveling on from east to west."

As each one comes by his own free will and pays his own expenses, the St. Louis comrades would only have to provide a hall; even this is of no importance; for, if desirable, we can go out of St. Louis to nice country places, where we can be undisturbed. September, I presume, would be a good time. There is no use of hurrying to St. Louis the very first month the fair is opened; for to me and many others, it is quite doubtful whether the fair will be ready for opening on the 1st of May, 1904.

Concerning a linotype for FREE SOCIETY; yes, I am in favor of it, and will try my best with the collection list that has been sent to me.

CARL NOLD.

—— o ——

For San Francisco.

The Anarchist-propaganda is now carried on every Sunday at 7:30 p. m. at Knights of Red Branch Hall, 1133 Mission St. Discussion and free platform.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB.

—— o ——

Comrades, do not forget to pay your subscriptions, if you want the paper.

Conscience.*

Conscience was gone. As of old, people thronged in the streets and theaters. As of old, they now overtook, now outstripped one another. As of old, they bustled and strove to put their fingers in the pie; and it crossed no one's mind that on a sudden something was lacking, and that some pipe had ceased to sound in the general orchestra of life. Many even began to feel themselves freer and more spirited. Man's pace had become lighter. It had become easier to tread on another man's heels, to flatter, to fawn, to cheat, to play the sycophant, and to calumniate. Every inward uneasiness was altogether removed. Men did not go about, they seemed to fly. Nothing saddened them, nothing plunged them in thought. The present, the future, all seemed to flow into the hands of the favorites of fortune, who did not even notice that Conscience was lost.

Meanwhile, poor Conscience was lying in the road, torn to pieces, spat upon, trodden down by the feet of the passers-by. Everyone spurned it as far as he could as a thing good for nothing. Everyone wondered how it came about that such a scandalous thing could lie in the most frequented place of a well kept town, and God knows how long the poor outcast would have been spurned had not a wretched drunkard picked it up, whose drunkenness inspired him with the futile hope that this good-for-nothing rag would bring him a dram.

At that very moment he felt as if struck by an electric current. With dim eyes he looked around and felt most undeniably that his head was being freed from the vapors of spirits, and that gradually that wretched consciousness of actuality was returning to him, of which he had tried to get rid by wasting his best powers. At first he felt only fear, that dull fear, which plunges a man into restlessness as a foreboding of some approaching danger. Then his memory became troubled, and his imagination began to speak. His unmerciful memory produced out of the darkness of his shameful past all the particulars of violence, treachery, weakness of feeling and lying. Imagination converted these particulars into living forms. Then of itself came the sentence.

In floods come the drunkard's useless tears. Passers-by stop and insist that it is whisky that cries within him.

"Oh Lord! I can't bear it any longer," cries the wretched drunkard, while the crowd laugh and make jokes at him. They do not understand that the drunkard was never freer from the influence of whisky than at this moment, that he has simply found a thing, which is now tearing his poor heart to pieces. Had these people themselves hit on the same thing, they would understand a bitterness worse than any other, the bitterness of the unexpectedly returned conscience. They would understand that they are a crowd as much yoke-bound and morally disfigured as is that drunkard whining before them.

"No, I must get rid of her, or I shall die like a dog," thinks the wretched drunkard, and would have thrown away Conscience, but the policeman close by stops him.

"I believe, my boy, that you mean to cast about libels," says the constable, shaking his finger threateningly. "One easily gets into the lock-up for that, my boy."

The drunkard quickly pockets the rag and leaves the spot. With many precautions he creeps towards the tavern, where his old acquaintance Prokhorich* carries on business. At first he peeps in thru the window, and seeing that there are no visitors, while Prokhorich dozes at the bar, he opens the door in the twinkling of an eye, rushes in and before the publican comes to his senses the horrible rag already lies in his hand.

At first Prokhorich stood with dilated eyes, then a profuse perspiration came over him. It crossed his mind that he was carrying on trade without a license. But looking round at his walls he was convinced that all the licenses, either blue, green, or yellow, were there. He looked at the rag, now in his hands, and it seemed not altogether unknown to him. "There," he said, "is it not the same rag which I perforce got rid of before buying the license? That is the thing, no doubt." Coming to this conclusion, he at once understood that he must now be ruined. "If a man is in business and such a nuisance will stick to him, then all is lost. No business whatever." So mused Prokhorich, and on a sudden became livid and began to tremble as if some fear, hitherto unknown to him, had suddenly looked into his eyes.

"Oh! how bad it is to encourage people to drink and lead them to ruin," whispered Conscience into the man's ear.

"Wife, Arina Ivanovna," shouted he, panic-stricken. Arina Ivanovna rushed in, but no sooner did she see her husband's acquisition than she shouted, "Murder, police! we are being robbed."

"And why on earth should I lose everything in a moment thru that blackguard," thought Prokhorich, evidently hinting at the drunkard, while big drops of perspiration appeared on his forehead.

Meanwhile, the tavern gradually filled with people, but Prokhorich, instead of encouraging his customers with his usual amiability, to their great surprise not only declined to pour out spirits for them, but very touchingly demonstrated that spirits were the source of all misery to the poor man.

"Were you to limit yourself to one glass that would be all right, that would even do you good," he said with tears in his eyes. But no, you mean to swallow a whole gallon. Now what is the good of it? You will be dragged to the police station, there you will be well belabored, and leave it as if you had got some reward. And what was the reward? One hundred strokes. Now think yourself, my dear man, is this worth your exertions? And besides, paying a fool like myself your money got by hard work."

"Why Prokhorich, are you mad?" asked the bewildered customers.

"Ha! one has to go mad, my boy, if one meets with such an accident," replied Prokhorich. "Look here what a license I have got." And Prokhorich showed the acquired Conscience and offered it to any of the customers for their own use. But they, seeing now what was the matter, not only did not express any readiness to take it, but even stepped aside uneasily and kept as far away as they could.

Towards the evening, Prokhorich cheered up, however, and going to bed, addressed the weeping Arina Ivanovna as follows: "Now then, my darling and beloved wife, altho we have made nothing today, yet how easy a man feels who is not destitute of Conscience." And indeed as soon as he was in bed he fell asleep. He did not toss about, nor did he even snore, as was usually the case with him, when he made a good deal, but had no conscience. But Arina Ivanovna's thoughts on this subject were somewhat different. She understood very well that in a publican's business Conscience was not at all an agreeable acquisition, from which one might expect any profit. She, therefore, resolved to get rid of the untimely guest at any price. With set teeth, she waited thru the night, but as soon as dawn crept thru the dusty windows of the tavern, she stole her sleeping husband's Conscience, and rushed into the street.

It was a market day. Peasants with their carts were already slowly making their way to the town from the neighboring villages, and the police-officer Lovets* was going to the market in person to keep everything in order. No sooner had Arina Ivanovna caught sight of the hastening Lovets than a happy thought crossed her mind. She ran after him as if for her life, and coming abreast with him, in the twinkling of an eye slipped Conscience, with astounding dexterity and unnoticed, into the pocket of his overcoat.

Lovets was not an altogether shameless fellow, but he did not like to put any restraint on himself, and his paw wandered about with much freedom. His appearance was not altogether impudent, but somewhat dashing. His hands could not be called too insolent, but they caught hold of whatever lay in their way. In a word, he was a pretty accomplished extortionist. And lo! this very man began to feel uneasy. He arrived at the market place, and it seemed to him that all that was assorted there, either on the carts, on stalls or in shops—all this was not his but other people's. Never before had he experienced anything of this kind. He rubbed his shameless eyes and thought: "Have I become a lunatic, or am I dreaming?" He approached one cart, and meant to introduce his paw into it, but lo! he couldn't raise his paw. He approached another cart and meant to seize the peasant by his beard. Oh horror! his arm would not stretch out. Fear came over him.

"What has become of me today?" thought Lovets. "In this way I can easily spoil my whole business for the future. Had I not better return home at once?"

So home he went, where his wife was already waiting for him. Thinks she, "How many parcels will my dear husband bring

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* The editor of *Free Russia*, from which periodical this story of the great Russian satirist, M. E. Saltykoff, is taken, remarks: "We are sorry that considerations of space do not allow us to make the British public acquainted with the larger works of this really great writer, who, while thoroly Russian, is at the same time universal, and ranks, we do not hesitate to say, with Erasmus, Rabelais, and Swift. This short story, which we are obliged to condense, besides being a specimen of Russian creative genius, may be read at the present moment as a topic of the time, altho written years ago, since Saltykoff's prediction that popular conscience will grow to its full age, and will no longer be timid, seems to have been fulfilled."

* Patronymic from Prokhor—Prochorus, generally used in Russia as a title of deference.—*Free Russia.*

* The word "Lovets" means "hunter" or "catcher."

me today?" And mind you, not a single one! Anger boiled within her, and she attacked Lovets.

"Where have you put the parcels?"

"On my conscience," began Lovets.

"Where are the parcels I ask you?"

"On my conscience," repeated Lovets.

"Well then, you may take your conscience for dinner till next market day. I have no dinner for you," said his wife. Lovet's head fell, for he was well aware that his wife knew how to keep her word. He took off his overcoat, and at that very moment felt as if altogether transformed. His conscience remained on the peg with his overcoat. Consequently he again felt easy, and it again seemed to him that there was nothing on earth belonging to other people, but that everything was his. Once more he felt within him the capability of swallowing and getting hold of.

"Now, my friends, you will not so easily get rid of me," said Lovets, rubbing his hands, and he put on his overcoat to fly to the market place. But, oh wonder, no sooner was the overcoat on his shoulders than his uneasiness returned. Really there seemed to be two different men in him, one without overcoat, shameless, greedy, and ready to prig, the other, in the overcoat, bashful and timid. Still, altho he saw that he had not time to go thru the gate before all dash was gone out of him, he did not abandon his intention of going to the market. "I may perhaps overcome it," he thought. But the nearer he got to the market the more violently his heart beat, the more the inward longing for reconciliation with all these people who strive the whole day long in rain and wind for a livelihood, pressed upon him. Not only did he leave off casting glances at other people's parcels, but his own purse that was in his pocket burdened him, as if he learned from some absolutely trustworthy sources that the money in that purse was not his but some other people's.

"No," he said to himself, "I must be ill today. I had better go home. By the by, I may as well take with me as many beggars as possible and feed them with what God Almighty has sent me."

No sooner said than done. He collected an enormous crowd of beggars and took them home with him. His wife clasped her hands and stood waiting for his next trick, while he passed her in a most gentle way and said to her kindly: "Here, my darling, are those poor people whom you asked me to bring here. Give them to eat in Christ's name."

But hardly had he time to put his overcoat on the peg before once more he felt easy and dashing. He looked out of the window and saw that all the beggars in the town were in his courtyard. He saw this but did not understand why. Was it possible that he had to flog all this multitude? He dashed out of doors.

"Why all these people?" he roared.

"What, why all these people?—these are the poor people you ordered me to feed," pounced Mrs. Lovets on him.

"Away with them! Give it to them. . . . This way," he roared in a stentorian voice, and rushed into his house again like a madman.

For a long time he paced his rooms, and turned over in his mind what could have happened to him. He used always to be a correct man; and as to his official duties he was really a lion, and for no reason whatever he had become weak-kneed.

"Theodosia Petrovna, my dear," he entreated his wife, "do, in God's name, tie me up, otherwise I feel I shall make such a mess today, which afterwards a whole year would not be enough to amend."

Then Mrs. Lovets understood that her husband was in a plight. She undressed him, put him to bed, and gave him a hot drink. In a quarter of an hour she went to the hall and thought: "Let me look in his overcoat—pockets—there may be a few coppers there." She searched one pocket and found an empty purse. She searched another and found some dirty greasy paper packet. She opened the packet and couldn't believe her eyes.

"Oh! so that's what you are at now, got a Conscience in your pocket!" She began to reflect as to whom she could pass on the Conscience, whom she might not hopelessly burden, but only trouble a little; and it came to her mind that the best thing would be to place Conscience at a former spirit-farmer's,* now financier and railway inventor, the Jew Samuel Davidovich Bzhosky.

Samuel Davidovich Bzhosky was at his dinner-table, surrounded by his whole family. By his side was his ten-year old son, Ruvim Samuelovich, who was mentally engaged in banking operations.

Samuel Davidovich felt happy. He was just preparing to take some incredible dish, adorned with something like ostrich feathers and Brussels lace, when the footman handed him a letter on a silver tray. No sooner had Samuel Davidovich taken the envelope in his lands than he manifested the greatest agitaton, like a live eel on a frying pan. "And what is that, please? I don't want this thing at all," he yelled, his whole body shaking.

I will not describe here all the tortures which Samuel Davidovich went thru during that momentous day. I will only say one thing. This man, so slim and weak in appearance, suffered heroically the most terrible torments, but never consented to restore even a sixpence.

"Oh! that's all nothing, that's all nothing. Only hold me tight, Leah," he argued with his wife, during the severest fits, "and should I ask for the key of my safe, never give it to me, rather let me die."

But as there is no difficult position in this world from which an outlet cannot be found, it was found in this case also. Samuel Davidovich recalled that long ago he promised to give a donation to a certain charitable institution which was in charge of a general of his acquaintance. But somehow or other the fulfilment of this pledge was delayed from day to day.

Samuel Davidovich opened with many precautions the envelope he received by post, took out with pincers its contents, put it into another envelope, adding a hundred ruble note, sealed the whole and went to see his general.

"I wish, your excellency, to make a donation," said he, putting the packet before the radiant general.

For a long time did poor outcast Conscience thus knock about in the world, passing from hand to hand among many thousands of men. Finally she addressed a prayer to her last holder, who carried on trade in dust in a row of never visited shops, and could never grow rich from that trade.

"Why are you tormenting me?" lamented poor Conscience, "why are you knocking me about as good for nothing?"

"But what can I do with thee, my lady Conscience," asked the fellow in his turn, "since no one wants thee?"

"Well then, that's what you do," replied Conscience. "Find a Russian baby, open his pure heart and bury me in that heart. Maybe he, the innocent baby, will shelter me and take care of me, and will cultivate me even till he is of ripe age. And far from disdaining, will in due time appear with me among men."

And everything was done according to her word. The poor fellow sought out a Russian baby, opened his pure heart, and hid Conscience in it. And the baby is growing, and his conscience is growing within him. And the baby will become a full grown man, and there will be a full grown conscience within him. And all iniquities and artifices and violence will then disappear, because Conscience will no longer be timid but will command everything.

* In the reign of Nicholas I and part of Alexander II the spirit trade was farmed out. It was one of the worst popular scourges. The system was abolished in 1863. That is why this character in Saltykoff's story is an ex-farmer.—*Free Russia.*

—o—

Individuality plus Sympathy.

Muscles when not excercised grow soft and useless; plants deprived of light, grow spindling and dwarfed; and intellects are no exception to this process of nature. If we accept antiquated ideas sung like nursery rhymes thru the ages, we will ever continue to be infants in intellect.

One stalk of Indian corn cannot transmit nourishment to its neighbor stalk; they must alike receive warmth, sunlight, and moisture, to yield an equal harvest.

So we must study life's problems for ourselves, and from all view points. Search out the fountain-head and drink deeply from its pure crystal waters.

Who are teachers? Whose hearts are pure? Whose minds infallible? Who calls himself leader? Stand erect and greet him; look with undaunted gaze down into the secret chambers of his soul.

Dwells there the white robed angel of mercy?

The chamber walls are narrow and the hangings are of the crimson blood of innocent martyrs! Its lights are the pearly teardrops of hungry children, weary mothers, and toilers in shops and prisons.

The occupant is self; outside the sweet angel of pity waits and weeps in vain.

West Union, Iowa. M. J. HOFFMAN.

—o—

Free Society Ball.

FREE SOCIETY Ball takes place on December 5, in Aurora Hall, cor. Milwaukee Ave. & Huron St. All wishing an enjoyable time should not fail to be there.

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